ALLEN GRAY:

The Mystery of Turley's Point.

Being a Few Romantic Chapters h. From the Life of a Country Editor.

BY JOHN R. MUSICE, ANTHOR OF "WALTER BROWNFIELD," "TREERS LAKEMAN," "BANKER OF BEDFORD," AND OTHER STORIES.

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"Lee you think you have a real remarka-ble novel, Miss Hopkins!" he asked. "I know it, I know it! Just let me read a

few pages to you."

Homehow, amateurs patronizing country newspapers always insist on reading their own productions to the editor. Like the first-born infant, they are too delicate to entrust to other than parental hands. Miss Hopkins began:

THE MYSTERY OF THE ROCK HOUSE ON THE HILL;

THE GROST'S LAST WALK ON THE BLUFF.

A Story of Life and Death, Love and Supernatural."

"You see, I am somothing like Hawthorne, delving into the supernatural," said Miss

11 pkins, with a smuo which displayed her

"So I observe; please proceed," said the editor, trying very hard to be interested.
"It was a dismally dark night. The winds sighed a mournful requiem through the tree tops, and it was at that bewitching bour when graveyards yawn and ghosts hour when graveyards youn and ghosts stalk forth—' The reader paused to mark the effect on her heaver. He sat unmoved by the startling beginning, and she asked him how he liked it. Very well, he thought, and said "go on." She went on. It was a crudo story, full of improbable incident waif gush ng over with tear-stained love scenes. The heroing was such a su-der-fleatfied creature, and had such a tendency to burst into tears, that the reader soon be-Restred creature, and had such a tendency to burst into tours, that the reader soon became disgusted with such imbeeility, and was in constant dread of another explosion. The funny man was a strained character at beat. He was con-tangly at he with end to be city. In fact, the story was flat and insighd, and white the citter knew he could not use it, he had a great defleacy in expression his real common of it.

"What do you mank of it, Mr. Grayt" sais fleatly asked.

Allen was at a critical point. There sat the authoress before him, holding the dear-ly beloved creature of her imagination in her hand. He would us soon think of tell-ing a deting mother that her child was ugly as to express his real opinion of this story to Miss Hoydrin. She had influently friends, persons of creat depth and scutter, who had long since discovered a wonderful embryotic genius in Miss Lecthy To reject her story was to insult their intelligence while to mylish it was gence and influence, while to publish it was to make himself the butt of ridicale by al-thinking people. It would require skillfu-management to steer clear of his many complications, but Allen was equal to the

emergency.

'We couldn't publish a serial story in the Western Rep blie now, Miss Hopkins," he saul. "Wouldn't it be better to send it to Harper's!"

Harper's!"
The render may ask what be rin the Harper's had done him that he should wish to must this punishment on them. But we must remember that Alien was only a huwill catch at straws, and Alien, other men, was anxious to shift the food he bore upon the sh, niders of some one like. Moving uneasily in her seat, Miss Hopkins

replied:
"I don't think it worth while to send this to the Harper's, Mr. Gray, they are too old fogyish to even discover true gentus, you Like all the established publishers. know. Like all the established publishers, they have got to going in tines and ruts, which now genius struggles to break away from. One can't do it with those publishers. None of the large magazines over develop any thing; they are simply abie to buy the jewels which some poor miner has dug up. All of our successful authors make their start on obscure publications."

"I believe you are mistaken, Miss Hop-kins. Harper's would read your manuscrip-

and decide fairty upon it."
"I am sure they would not," she per-sisted. "If they don't find this out of their rut, they have some special favorite whose manuscript is just ahead of mine, and they'll sond it back with a printed apology that its rejection is not necessarily a lack of literary morit, but because they have something like it on hand. Those New York publishers are not in sympathy with new authors."

Miss Hopkins was a weman of literary experience, and was not to be induced to give Herper's the infinite pleasure of rejecting

er manuscript.
"I am sorry; but I—I really have not space for your story at present, Miss Hop-kins," said Aller. Being able to put but one interpretation on his refusal, she asked: "Are you going to commence one of Mr. Barnos' steeles!"

"No, we can not possibly use a serial at present," he answered. "Why!"

"Why!"

Because our people think that in order to build up this town all space possible should be devoted to it. Besides, the fall election is coming on, and the canvass will necessarily demand a great deal of space."

Miss Hopkins looked very much disappointed, but after a few moments she said; "Can you use a poem occasionally!"

This only partially repaired by

This only partially repaired her cintment. She declared the people

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West Control

y's Point must be very ignorant to rotuse uch a nevel as "The Mestery of the Rock House on the Hill," and bewailed the fate of struggling genius, held down by the iron hand of projudice.

She took her manuscript and left the

office with a look of disappointment and a heavy heart. We console ourselves that Miss Hepkins is not the only author who has met with disappointments

Her visit had temporarily led Allen Oray's mind from the subject which had become so painful, but when she was gone it returned with double force, and all his efforts to forget Berths, by plunging into business, were unavailing. That beautiful business, were unavailing. That beautiful being who had grown so dear to his heart

was always present.
"Oh, Bertim, Bertha! will this crushing weight never be removed?" he asked him-

His reveries were interrupted by the abrupt opening of his sanctum door. Mr. Tom Simmons, with face inflamed with

"See here!" he cried, with the air of an mraged master, "what's this I hear!" Allen told him that he had no idea what

Allen told him that he had no idea was be hid heard.
"I hear yer goin' to play me foul?"
"What do you mean by playing foul?"
Allen asked.
"You're goin' back on me."
"In what way?"

"You ain't agoin' to support me."
"You ain't agoin' to support me."
"Who told you I was not!"
"I heer'd it. It's the gineral rumor."
"General rumor is false, then," was the

"I want it understood, Mr. Allen Gray," reared the enraged Simmons, bringing his fist down with emphasis on the desk, "that if you go back on me—don't support me as ye promised yo would, I'll fling every thing I him your way. I made yo what yo ar." ye promised ye would, I'll fling every thing I kin in your way. I made ye what ye ar'," he shissed through his teeth. "Yes, sir, I tak you from nuthin'—lifted ye right up out o' the dirt, and jiat as I git somethin' made out o' yo, by 'ne Lord ye're goin' back on fine. I won't stand it. Why, if it hain't a been for me what would you been!—nuthin'

It is not pleasant to be reminded that we are under obligations to some person for our existence and prosperity. Allen Gray was so ungenerous as to become offended. He leaped to his feet, his eyes flashing fire, and actring Mr. Simmons by the threat, had the presumption to duny owing any of his present wonderful prosperity to him, and was as ungreated as to breaks to kick his beast acts out of the offer if he and not become more civil.

"Fauld I would give you my support," he

"I said I would give you my support," he concluded, "and so I will when the proper time comes, unless you exasperate me into breaking my promise; but I am determined not to be driven into making a fool of my-

"Why don't ye show yer hand, then, of yer fur me!" asked the impatient Simmons. "It's not time to show my hand yet, it's entirely too early, and you are making a donkey of yourself by insisting on it." "Well," growled Simmons, pulling on his

soft felt hat, preparatory to going, "when the time comes you've got to show yer hand."

CHAPTER VIII.

"How d'you do to-day, Mr. Gray!" asked Toney Barnes, entering the editor's sanctum a few days after the events in

the last chapter.
"Rather tired; be seated," Allen answered, casting a suspicious look at a pou-derous roll under Toney's arm.

"I thought I would bring you a story," he said with a triumphant smile. "I heard you was going to use one of Miss Hopkins" thing worth publishing, if you must have a

Allen assured him that he was in no need of any thing of the kind, and had never for a moment entertained a thought of publishing

Miss Hopkins' story.

"Not agoin' to publish it!" cried the amazed Toney; "why, it's all over the town and country, too, that you intend runnin' her novel as a serial in the Western Kepub-"It is a mistake."

"I thought so. Nothin' she writes is fit to be in print," said Toney, somewhat aeri-moniously. "Says she used to contribute to Harper, but I guess 'twas to their waste

"The number of waste basket contributors is much greater than those whose papers are published." Yes, I suppose so; but no one likes to

write for the editor's waste basket, it don't usually pay," returned Toney. "But let me read you a few chapters of 'The Bloody Knife, or the Wild Witch of the Santee Border ' "It would not be worth while, Toney, for

all our space is ongaged. Every inch that can be spared from news will be devoted to advertisements." Who wants to read advertisements!"

said Toney, with a look of disgust.

"They are invaluable to a country news-They bring in considerable money, and without them we could hardly exist "I suppose it's money and not talent you want," sarcastically return's the all be

Allen amiled, and then in a vermanner proceeded to explain that very practical world, and end control conduct business without doing so on business ness principles. His story might be very good, and just what some other passider wanted, who was willing to pay a good price

for it, but it was valueless to him.
"A dealer in dry-goods wants to buy drygoods, and can not be induced to purchase potatoes, no matter how good the quality or how cheap they may be offered him. No matter how good your serial may be, I can not use it."

Toney's disappointment was considerably alloviated by the knowledge that Miss Hepkins' story had been rejected also. After

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thought he raight positive be chie when a serial, and if he found himself in som a position, would be pleased to look at Toney's manuscript.

manuscript.
Gathering up that pendarona roll, the disappointed author left the obles with a sigh. He was not the first, nor wall he be the ast, author to heave sight of disappointment. Oh, ye hard-hearted publishers, what a dark account will years be, when all the nighs and tears of disappointed authors are arrayed against you on that

A day or two later, while Allen was struggling between an article for the up-building of furicy's Point and the mystery of the great stone name on the hill, he neard a heavy -tep at his side and, look-ing up, saw Mr. Strong.

"I'm not agwine to stand it," cried

Strong, angrily.

As mildly as he could, the country editor

asked for an explanation. "Yor playin' no tout." "You are laboring under a grave mis-take," Allen returned, making a great ef-

fort to keep nis temper.
"No, I'm act; fur I know ye ar'. Didn't ye proratae me f'ar an' squar' ye'd support

"An' yer gwine t' go back on mo!"
"No, I'm not; unless you provoko me into breaking my promise, you will receive the support of the Western Republic."

"But they've got the yarn 'gwine all over the country that yer pledged to Tom Sim-

"For sheriff, I am pledged to no one but yourself, Mr. Strong and at the proper time you shall receive my hearty support," sid Allen, rising to his feet, his face sushed with excitement. "Now, pay no attention to the steries you hear, and keep your intentions to yourself, until the time has come for you to make your announcement."

"I understand. Well, of yer gwine to stand true to me, it's all right, but of ye do go back on mo, I'm agvane to knock the props right out from under ye, an' lot ye fall hard enough to break yer own neck; now we understand one acother, don't we?" "I think we do."

"Vory woil, good-day."
"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, sir."

Although pledges had been renowed, and the ambitious candidate for sheriff had been recassured, it was evident that he was not tuly satisfied. Both himself and Tan Kimman as where and Joseph morning and judging all man by their over standard, they were suspicious of overy body. Luch feared that some powerful influence, that great unknown pressures which politicians early come to dread, would be brought to beer upon the editor to allenate him.

They watched each other with hewledites

They watched each other with hawk-like

eyes, and one never, went to the printing office that the other did not notice bim, and at once surmise that he had come to buy off the editor. Each had a vague solici that the other was to be an opposit for the cross to which he himself asympt. That they should be candidates for different offices never entered into the mind of

Allon Gray was not one to give up a mystery unsolved. Having fallon in love with the young lady at the mysterious house, he was fally determined on a solution to the mystery which asomed clouding fler life and crushing all her hopes. Not withstand-ing she had arged tim for his sace and her own to keep away from the stone man-ajon, on the evening after his interview with Mr. Strong he found himself on his way toward the house on the hill. It was dusk before he started, and the moon, which had grown so old it would not shine until late in the night, would give him no

allent as if it had been deserted for years. This time he ventured up to the great stone steps and gazed through the iron wicketgate. He could see the broad path leading up to the house, which was composed of flat, dressed stones. A fountain was on each side of the path, but both were alle now.

No sign of a living creature could be dis-covered, nor from any of those great, deep windows was there to be seen a single ray

'I will go completely around the house," thought Allen, "and more critically exam-ine it than I have ever done."

On the east, west and north sides of the house the walls were of oak boards stand-ing upright. On his tour around the grounds Allen frequently halted to peep through a coming here; though a feeling of superstiorn sin Suitoganda sew odw toburial He never stopped to think that he was an heved that he was on enchanted ground. When he touched the ground he half be-

moment's time. strong and bold, and the feat required but a Was it a spirit of reckless adventure or some unknown impulse which prompted him to scale the will! He was active,

him, with only a soiltary light dimly shining trom one of the windows. the building it posted lite some grantio had a good view of the garden and rear of tok at one side of it, through which he He tried it and found it tooked. There was was made of thick oak boards, so close to-gether as to be more of a door than a gate. grope his way.
At last he reached the rear gate, which

Blight clouds aimost completely obscuring the startight, the night had already grown very dark. In places where the tall become so dark treat allow wall it had already to become so dark treat allow was forced to group his way.

crack in the wall, but could make no new tions awe, which he fought reanfully to resist, kept creeping over him.

For a moment he passed under the very tree where he has seen use object of his affections buthed in tours. To him it was hal-

lowed ground.
"Ch. Bertha. Bertha. are von still miser-

the gloomy old castle-like house. He was inside the wail almost before he knew it, He was and the wall almost before he knew it, and did not find it very difficult to induce himself to go quite up to the house and try to learn screething of its lumines. He followed a path locating through a garden, under some long between, until he came to the rear of that immorae structure, where he halted.

In one of the basement windows he now as a second light. It was a very dim light, and could not be seen a few yards from the building. Alica supposed it was a light used by some of the servants engaged in their heusehold duties. Though he list-oned long and carefully, no sound, not even the ticking of a clock, could be heard. Long he stood gazing through the basement win-

dow down into the dunly lighted room.

His persoverance received its reward at last. A pale, ghostalic form in long white robe glided across the room. It made no more noise than a teather being wafted across the floor by the breath of a playful

Desnite his sloonticism on superestural Despite his sleep learn on superestural questions, Allen in the cold chills r inning up his spine, while his bar seemed to almost stand upon end. That light became nater and more ghost-like, and he could hardly believe he was not waking anon beings of another world. Soot bound be ateed gazing at that mystic ugoro shding as nonocess about the room as if it wouled upon air. put his hand upon the window which was half above and half below the surface of the ground, and found it protected by iron burs.

effectually preventing ingress or egress.

"The house is a presse," though: Allen.

The old bastile could not have looked more grim and terrible than that house on this dark night.

went to another window which he also found barred, but it was so intensely dark within that he could at first see nothing. As his eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, he made out an object, that seemed moving about within. Was it man or beast! moving about within. Was it man or boast! Blowly it drow nearor and nearor to the window, notil a pair of great hollow eyes seemed gaing into his face. Was it man or mouster! Never had he seem such a face, never beheld such blazing eyes, as new glared at him from the slaring eyes, as new glared at him from the slariness of that mysterious chamber. Frozen with a strange, unknown horror, the neiventurer stood garing into that face.

unknown norter that face.

Buddenly a wild, demonical hugh se to shake the old budding to its found atoms: The spoil where challed Aller brokes, and the started link wild a suppressed exclamation of terror.

CHATTER IX.

Dospite all his courses and all his skep-cism in ghosts, Allea Octy tras abovercome with terror that he shrenk from the win-dow. That her, this great we that glared at him through the free her, could not be hu-

He had run across the laws in the garden before he could exhibit his wife spilloient to remember whose he was the was hasten-ing through the gard in when his discovered

a figure in white entering a summer house. Allen came to an observable a summer home.

Allen came to an observable. On that figure glided until it call disa everest inside the summer house. Then leaded therefrom a low, musical voice, awaster by far than the fairy's shall in a plaintive soan. Like the enchanted beamman, he drow nearer to listen. The sir was now to him, and, the words being in French, he could not understand them.

The singer scarce scale above a whisper, yet each note was distinct and clear. His fear was gone to a memoral, and he stood theilled pleasure at around of that familiar. The fair singer hehid recognized as Berthn, and he determined not to go away without another attempt, at least, to have an interview with her

"Oh, Borthe, Berthal if I could only take you from this prison and make you happy. I should feel have my work in life was accomplished?"

He reached the summer house, and fearing that an abrupt outrance might frighten her, he went to the rear and halted within a few feet of where the beautiful singer sat. She ceased singin ; and a sigh escuping her ups told the intruder that she was sad.

How was he to make himself known? Even while he was pondering on that matter she rose from her seat and came out at the rear door. The clouds which had ob-scured the faint startight at this moment rolled away, and the features of both the intruder and astonished girl became quite distinct.

She stopped and gazed at him for a moment in silent amazement. Any other girl would have shricked, awooned or fied at the sudden apparition, but Bertha was no ordinary personage.
"Why did you come here!" she asked, in

a sad, reproachful manner. "I warned you never under any circumstances to enter these grounds, under penalty of death; why do you insist in disobeying me?

Allen was for several moments unable to answer, because he had no reasonable ex-cuse to make. At last he said;

"Do not reprove .ne, Miss Collins, for I as-sure you that it was no morbid curiosity that brought me."
"Could you understand the danger in

which you place yourself by coming here," said the pretty girl, taking a few steps nearer to him, "you would not do so. It is dangerous to you and to me. It would be death to us both to be discovered here.

Allen Groy was only deeper plunged into this dark mystery. He was speechless, his brain seemed stupefied, and he was incapa-ble of thinking. He stood dumb, amazed and almost as palled as the cirl before him. ing in a cautious undertone that could not be heard a dozen paces away, said:

"Go away, Mr. Gray; go at once, and never come near me again if you value your

"Will you go with me to the gate?" he "Will you leave then?"

wil," said Allen, carnestly.

He took the arm of the trembling given within his own, and in silence they walked to the gate. Here they halted, both casting anxious glances at the great old house which rose up so gloomily before them. To the relief of both all was quiet, and there was no one in the vard.

the relief of both all was quiet, and there was no one in the yard.

"Go, go," said Berths, eagerly. Though speaking in a whisper, her voice trembled with passion and fear. "It would be fatal for you to be discovered here; it would be your ruin—death—" She became choked with sobs, and for a moment was silent.

"Bortha," said Allen, his voice strangely calm, "you are in great distress—what is it!"

Oh, do not ask," she answered, continu "Oh, do not ask," she hander in ing to sob. "Leave no to my misery on eternal doors. I am to more wricted of humans, my fare in acuted, and it is usue for others to accept to air and. Chapters.

"That I will not heave you siene in this distress. What is it! Tull ass that I may help you."

"I can not, dare not tell."
"I can not, dare not tell."
"Bertha, you are miserable here!"
A sob was the only answer.
"Let me take you away from this terribte

"Let me take you away from this terrible place."

"No, no, not not for the world. Do not think of that. I can not leave—I am held here by bands stronger than iron."

"Row long have you lived here!"

"Not more than eight months—though to seems so many ages."

Another mement's awful silence followed, and then Allen, occoming desperate, and?

"Bertha, I would ad you if I cauld—i—would give my life if necessary—"

"Hush—hash—" she queckly interrupted, seizing his arm. "You know not what you say. Ob, why don't you ge! Go, in Heaven's mame, and let us forget that we over met. I—I—i am donned; and why should you wish to drag both purself and myself down to ruin?" and, completely overcome, she buried her bendiful face in her hands. Dazed, cowildered and confused, Alles Gray staggered and caught at the wall for support. What was he to do, how could he remove the purden from this object of his affectious! He seemed to racino that she was lost, jost to him forever.

A voice at this moment is the direction of the great old flouse caused both to start, and the beautiful girl again soming his serm in a screen the seemed both to start, and the beautiful girl again soming his serm in a screen the seemed both to start, and the beautiful girl again soming his serm in a screen the seemed both to start, and the beautiful girl again soming his serm in a screen the seemed both to start, and the beautiful girl again soming his serm in a screen the seemed to the start, and the beautiful girl again soming his serm in a screen the seemed to the sermine.

and the beautiful gri again sessing he are in a crean that each did, in a corrier of the go, or we will both be the "the legal the session of the wall, and with he brind in a whiri, and a thousand enuring thoughts swaying his heart, enterned to the village.

The awstery surrounding the old standbouse and its inhuites seemed every moment growing more compensed. Alless Gray test a ways prided himself on naving a great doal of insight into human chargeser, and fraction that her could read people as open pages, and here was one who caffled all his skill. Who was this Bertha! Her tace and her name were Anglo Saxon, but her education and manners French. That she spoke the language fluently, and might be mistagen for a native French woman he did not doubt, yet when Frenchwoman he did not doubt, yet when conversing in English there was not even the slightest forcign account on her tongue. She was an enigma, and the more he strove to solve the problem, the more difficult it be

consider the problem, the more difficult it be-came of solution.

Another alcopiess night, another light breakfast, and again at his office with a heavy heart and aching head. He was struggling manfully to fix his mind upen the business before him, when the door soft-ly opened and a farmer entered.

"Yer the editor, an't yet" he asked.

or the editor, ain't yet" he asked. " You, air." "Well, I fotched you little piece about our neighborhood fur ye to print in your paper. If yo use it I think I kin git ye some rs out our way.'

"Where do you live!"
"Down on Billy's Crick," answered the tarmer.

He was an unpretentious author, wearing his pants in his thick cowbide boots, was in his shirt sloeves, and wore a soft bree branked but on his head. His "galuses were home made, and he had all th characteristics of a denizen of Billy Alien took the roll of MS., and after



"YER THE EDITOR, AIN'T TE!" trouble unrolled and smoothed it out so trouble unroused and smoothed it out so it could be read. An amateur manuscript may usually be recognized by being rolled so tightly that the editor's patience is exhausted before he can get it in shape to read. Frequently the manuscript is rejected without being read for this very reason. The manuscript contained only for the contained only to the contained only the contained only the contained only the contained on the con The manuscript contained only a few news

items, as follows: Continued next week